



Treasure Chest

Vol. 10
September 23, 1954

OF FUN & FACT

GOOD LUCK!
CHUCK!

SO LONG!
CHUCK

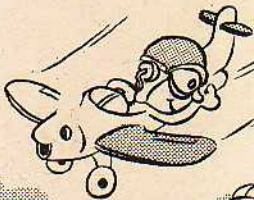
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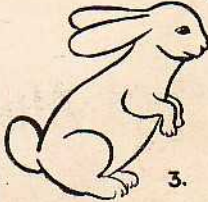
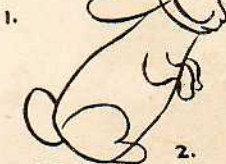
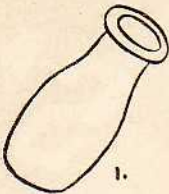
WEB COMIC
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Crossword PUZZLE



PENCIL FUN

CAN YOU
CHANGE A BOTTLE
TO A BUNNY IN
THREE STEPS?

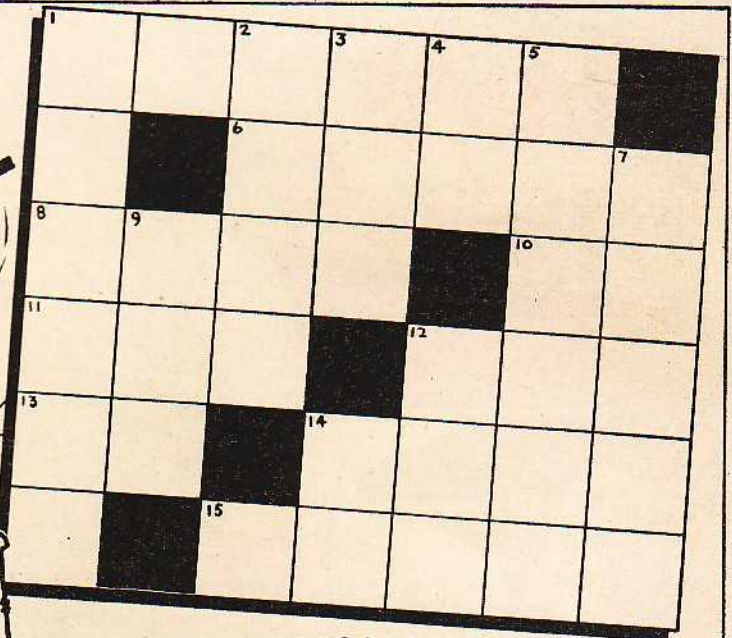


BILL
BERRY

CHECK
ANSWERS
←



MAGIC FIVES - 5+5-5+5-5+5=5



ACROSS

1. CIRCUS FUNNYMEN
6. RUNNING SPORTS
8. TO PERUSE
10. CIVIL ENGINEER (ABBREV.)
11. NICKNAME OF PRESIDENT COOLIDGE
12. PLURAL OF "IS"
13. ABBREVIATION FOR "LIGHT"
14. SNOW VEHICLE
15. STOPS

DOWN

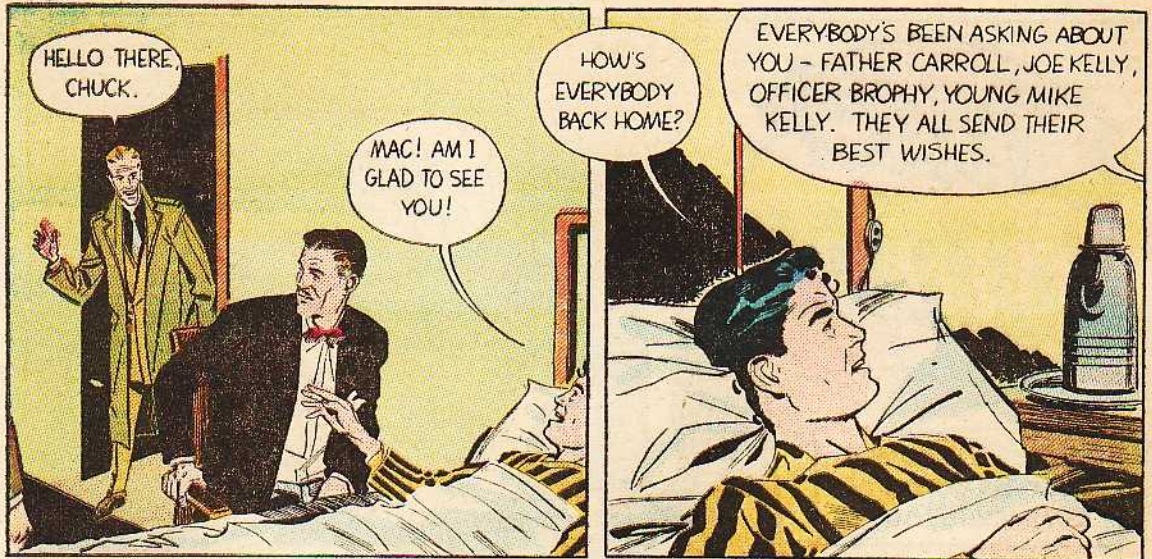
1. RING
2. SPOKEN
3. TIGHT BALL OF PAPER
4. NORTH CAROLINA (ABBREV.)
5. HIDDEN INFORMATION
7. GRAINS USED FOR PLANTING
9. TO DINE
12. TOTAL AMOUNT
14. SOUTH AMERICA (ABBREV.)

The Magic Fives

$$5 \begin{matrix} - \\ + \\ \div \\ \times \end{matrix} 5 \begin{matrix} - \\ + \\ \div \\ \times \end{matrix} 5 \begin{matrix} - \\ + \\ \div \\ \times \end{matrix} 5 \begin{matrix} - \\ + \\ \div \\ \times \end{matrix} 5 = 5$$

CAN YOU WRITE IN FOUR ARITHMETIC
SIGNS BETWEEN THE FIVE 5'S AND MAKE
THE TOTAL EQUAL FIVE?





"I WAS CAPTAIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW SOCCER TEAM AND WAS CONSIDERED OLYMPIC MATERIAL - THE GAMES OF 1928 WERE JUST A FEW MONTHS AWAY. I FELL AND BROKE MY KNEE - NEVER WALKED A STEP FOR TWO YEARS."



I DIDN'T KNOW
SOMETHING LIKE
THAT HAPPENED TO
YOU! WHAT DID
YOU DO?

I COULDN'T PLAY SOCCER, SO
I DID THE NEXT BEST THING —
I BECAME THE BEST CHESS
PLAYER THE COUNTY OF
LANARK EVER SAW!



THAT'S IT!
THAT GIVES ME A WONDERFUL
IDEA...



WHAT IS
THIS
IDEA?

WOULD EDITOR GREW GIVE
ME MY OLD JOB BACK WITH
THE PAPER? I'LL BET I
COULD BECOME THE BEST
REPORTER THE STEEL-
TOWN NEWS EVER
HAD!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...

THIS TAPING WILL HOLD
THAT SPINE NICE AND
TIGHT...



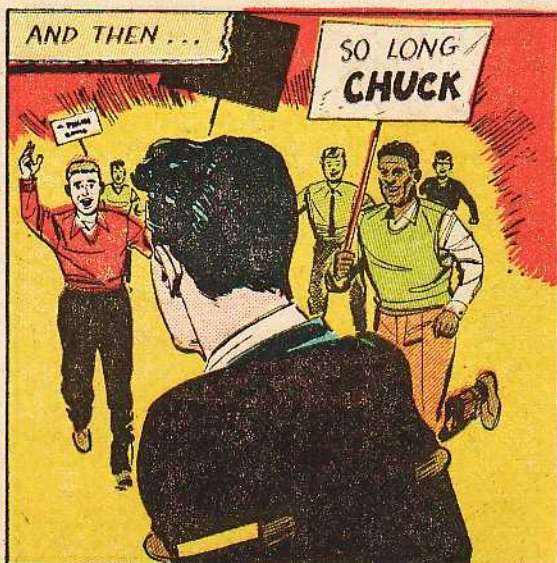
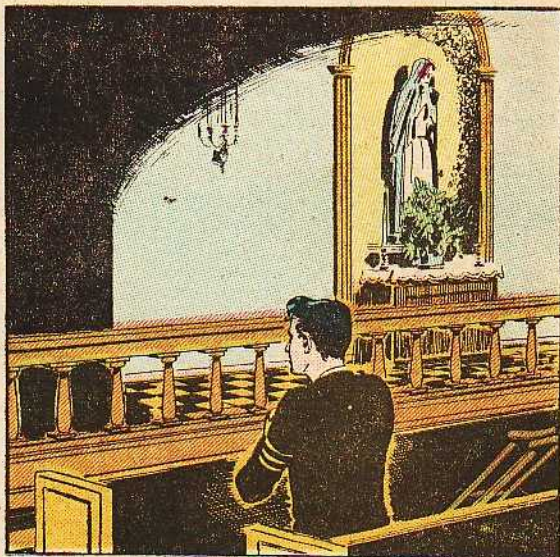
CHUCK LEARNS TO LIVE WITH HIS INFIRMITY.

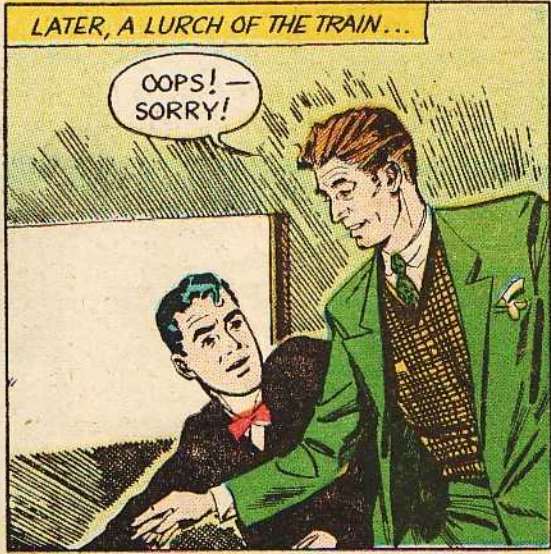


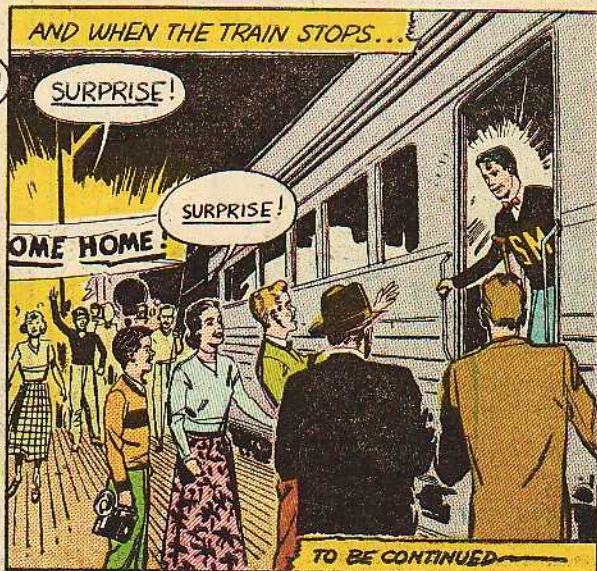
WHY DOES IT HAVE
TO BE THE PROMISING
ONES, FATHER?

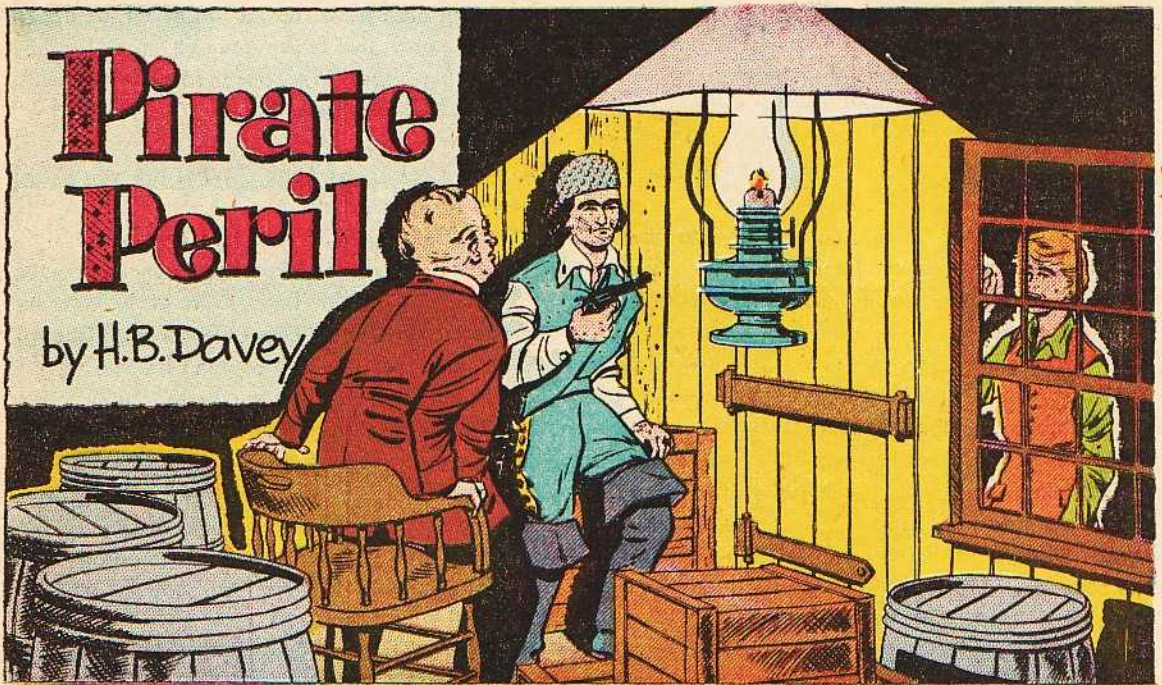
WHO CAN SAY HOW THE
LORD, IN HIS WISDOM, HAS
CHOSEN TO TEST A MAN?











Pirate Peril

by H.B. Davey

MOONLIGHT fell dimly through overhanging live oaks as Garth Blake's horse trotted from the rice plantation and broke into a canter on the road toward Palmetto. Garth leaned forward, knees tight, fear creeping through him cold as sea mist. For months his master had been ailing, and tonight, hunched at his desk, the gaunt planter looked really ill.

He'd finally laid down his quill pen.

"Lad, fetch Captain Treve from town. I mean to apprentice you to him, and I'll do it tonight, sure as my name's Dick Shale. That will assure your future. You're too good a boy to be my brother's bound-servant."

Garth knew Mr. Dick meant he mightn't live long. His brother Ralph, a merchant, would inherit everything. Garth's hands felt clammy.

"It's late, sir," he ventured.

"Treve won't mind. I'll have no rest until the papers are signed, and tomorrow I must attend to other things." Mr. Dick's voice hardened suddenly. "Stop at my brother's, too. Say I wish to see him in the morning."

He sealed the letter he'd written, stepped to the fireplace, and with his paper knife pried out a brick, behind which he sometimes hid valuables. "Lad, this letter is for Treve — later. If anything happens to me, see that he gets it."

"Yes, sir, but please don't talk so — I'm sure you'll be well soon," choked Garth. He hurried out, proud to be trusted, but sick with dread. Mr.

Dick had been good to him, had even taught him to read and write, though he was only an orphan bound out by the court.

Dangling streamers of Spanish moss brushed Garth's face as he rode. The trees thinned finally and moonlight gleamed on Shale's Inlet as it pushed its way through the marshes. Ahead lay Palmetto, scattered lights showing. Beyond, a ship's spars cut the moonlit sky.

Garth grinned briefly. One more vessel to escape Sharktooth the pirate! It might even be the *Sea Bird*, one of Captain Treve's ships. The *Bird* was long overdue, and the whole town had been worrying.

On this side of town, near the inlet, Ralph Shale's house stood alone. No light showed, but a faint ray glimmered from the warehouse behind. Garth swung down, looped his reins over a tree limb, and ran that way.

Dark water lapped against the warehouse. A gunnysack curtained the counting-room window, but light leaked through a rip. Garth glimpsed Mr. Ralph talking with a broad-faced, thick-set man in floppy sea boots and wide green breeches.

Garth knocked. Surprisingly, both men jumped, and the sailor grabbed a pistol from his belt.

"Who's there?" Mr. Ralph called loudly.

"Mr. Dick's boy, Garth, sir. My master asks to see you tomorrow morning."

Mr. Ralph opened the door. He was a fat man with a fleshy, red-veined face. "You should have

gone to the house, you young scamp!"

Garth edged away. "The house was dark, sir, and I saw your light here. My master —"

"I heard the first time," Mr. Ralph snapped. "Be off with you!" He said to the sailor, "It's only my brother's rascally bound-boy. If I had him I'd teach him —" The door banged shut.

Garth ran to the horse, pounded on into town. Captain Treve, when he heard Mr. Dick's message, at once called to his servant to saddle up.

"Rest a moment, lad," the tall, white-haired ship owner said kindly to Garth. "We'll ride out together."

Garth, waiting, thought of the vessel he'd seen. "Has the *Sea Bird* made port, sir?" he ventured.

Captain Treve nodded with satisfaction. "Yes, the *Bird*'s safe in — slipped past that scurvy cut-throat Sharktooth. If we could just lay hands on the scoundrel! Worst rogue that ever plagued the Carolinas! Some ports are even paying him not to molest their ships, but that I'll never consent to, never!"

At the plantation house, Garth recognized Mr. Ralph's black horse at the hitching post. Strange!

Mr. Ralph must have rushed to answer his brother's summons. The house seemed more brightly lighted than usual. With queer foreboding Garth followed Captain Treve in.

Mr. Ralph was coming down the wide stairs. His ruddy color was gone. "What are you doing here?" he greeted sharply.

"Dick sent for me," Captain Treve said.

"Dick is dead," Mr. Ralph announced bluntly.

"Dead!" Captain Treve echoed in a dumfounded tone. Garth's knees went weak. He staggered against the wall. It couldn't be true.

"I found him in his chair in the study," Mr. Ralph said bleakly. "The servants carried him upstairs, and I've sent one of them to saddle up and fetch the doctor. Not that he can help."

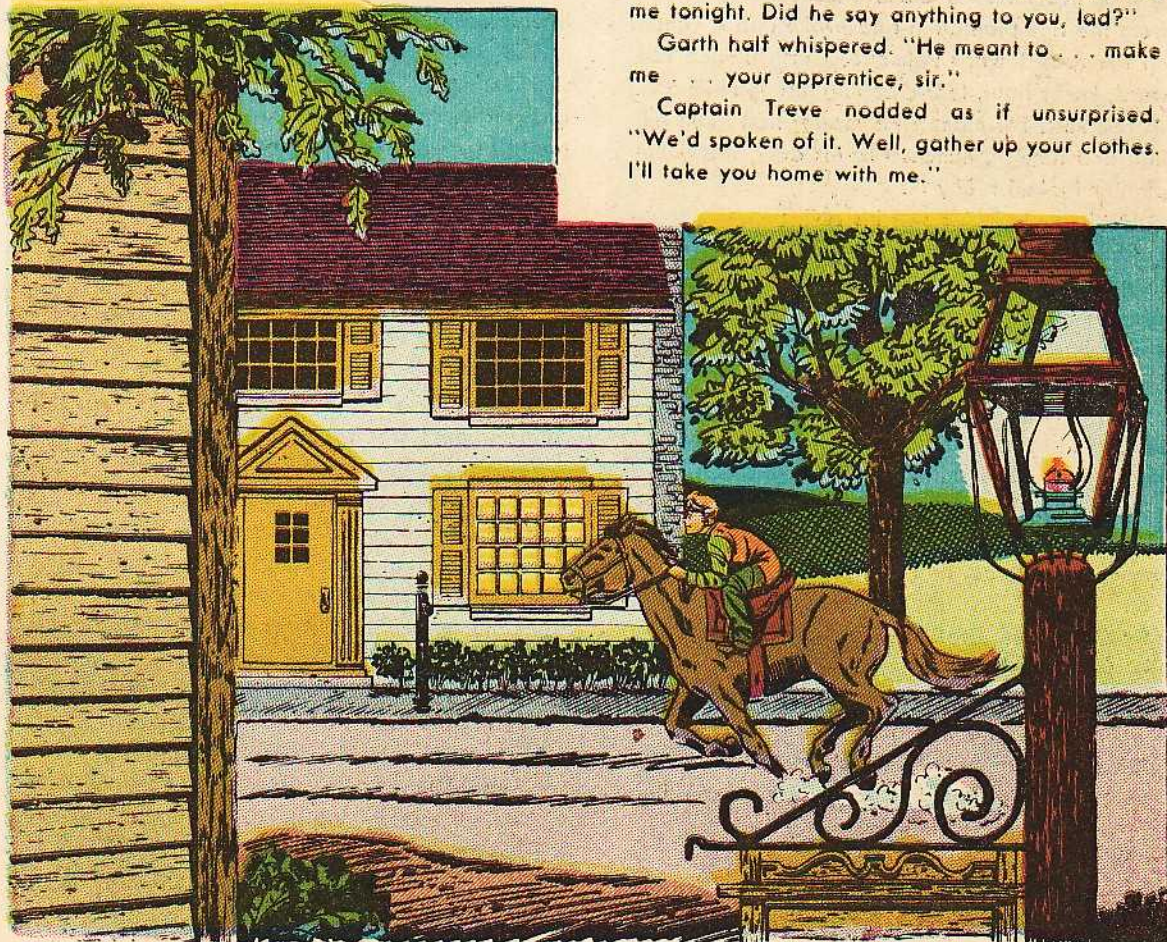
Without a word Captain Treve tossed his hat upon the hall table and went up the stairs two at a time. Garth would have followed, but Mr. Ralph snapped, "Stay here!"

Garth stood still, dazed. He'd known Mr. Dick wasn't well, but . . .

Presently Captain Treve came down, his weathered face solemn. "I wish I knew why Dick wanted me tonight. Did he say anything to you, lad?"

Garth half-whispered. "He meant to . . . make me . . . your apprentice, sir."

Captain Treve nodded as if unsurprised. "We'd spoken of it. Well, gather up your clothes. I'll take you home with me."



"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Mr. Ralph cried harshly. "The boy was bound out to Dick, and I inherit the bond!"

"But — but — " Garth stammered wildly.

"Let me have him, Ralph," Captain Treve urged reasonably. "Dick and I had agreed to it. Dick hated to part with him; that's why we delayed signing the papers."

"I want what I'm entitled to," Mr. Ralph said coldly.

Captain Treve laid a hand on Garth's shoulder. "At least let me take him till Dick's affairs are settled."

"You'd spoil him, same as Dick did!"

Captain Treve sighed. "I'm sorry, lad, but there's nothing I can do. Ralph, your brother thought well of the boy. Use him kindly!"

Mr. Ralph scowled. "I warrant I'll teach him manners! Get your clothes, boy!"

Captain Treve looked surprised. "Surely you'll wait for the doctor?"

"What good would that do? You'll be here, I take it! I was working on important accounts



Mr. Ralph from the house. Mr. Ralph climbed heavily into his saddle.

"Walk in front, where I can watch you! Don't try any tricks!" Garth obeyed, bewildered. What tricks would a bound-boy try?

At Mr. Ralph's house, the merchant lighted a candle and led the way up the curving stairs. "You'll sleep here," he said, opening a door. Garth went in, and the door closed. Moonlight coming through the small panes of the casement window showed a plain room with a chair and a bed.

Tired out from shock and grief, Garth sank to the chair. Suddenly a sound jerked him up, skin prickling. A key had turned quietly.

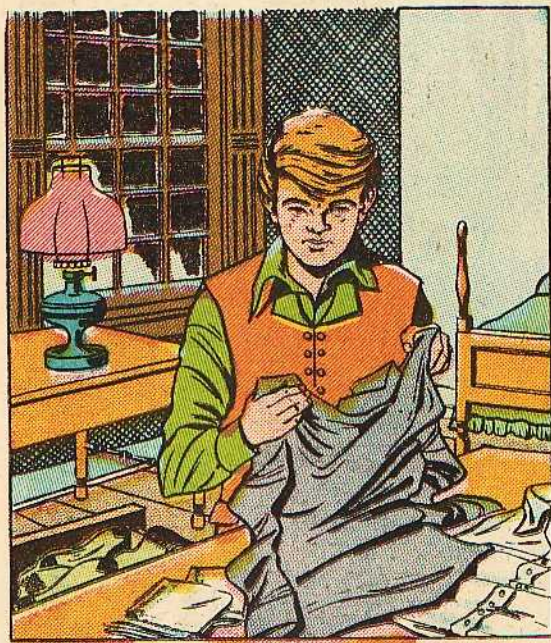
He jumped to the door. Yes, locked! Panic surged over him, and with it a sharp question. Why should Mr. Ralph lock him in? Why?

Somehow the question brought the hidden letter again to mind. Maybe he should have given it to Captain Treve when he had the chance! It might be urgent! And if Mr. Ralph meant to treat him like a prisoner, he might never find another opportunity.

Mr. Dick had trusted him.

"I'll get it now, tonight," Garth muttered. His weariness forgotten, he stepped to the window. The catch yielded readily. As he drew the casement inward, a footstep sounded softly outside his locked door.

(To be continued)



when Dick sent for me. I must finish them tonight!"

But he didn't ask you to come till morning. Garth didn't speak his thought. Suddenly he remembered the letter behind the brick in the study, but some sixth sense told him to keep his silence. Maybe Mr. Dick wouldn't have wished Mr. Ralph to know. Tomorrow there'd surely be a chance to see Captain Treve alone.

Garth went to gather his clothes, then followed

The Story of a Soul

Illustrated by Lloyd Ostendorf

IT ALL STARTED WHEN LOUIS MARTIN WAS TURNED AWAY FROM THE SEMINARY...

BEFORE I CAN ACCEPT YOU, YOU MUST STUDY LATIN.

WHEN I CAN READ LATIN I'LL BE BACK.



...AND ZELIE GUERIN WAS REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE CONVENT.

I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU HAVE A VOCATION. THINK ABOUT IT A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

ALL RIGHT, SISTER. BUT I FEEL SURE NOW.



EACH WENT HIS WAY UNTIL ONE DAY...



THIS IS HE WHOM I HAVE PREPARED FOR YOU.



THAT VOICE!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN
A MESSAGE FROM
HEAVEN. I MUST
FIND OUT WHO HE
IS.



SHE DID FIND OUT AND THROUGH A RELATIVE...

ZELIE GUERIN, I WANT YOU TO MEET THE WORLD'S BEST WATCHMAKER, LOUIS MARTIN.

I REMEMBER YOU! THE GIRL ON THE BRIDGE. I HAVE BEEN HOPING TO MEET YOU.



THEY WERE MARRIED SOON AFTER, AND OVER THE YEARS HAD EIGHT CHILDREN, FOUR OF WHOM DIED VERY YOUNG. WHEN THEY WERE NEARLY 50, THEIR NINTH CHILD WAS BORN.

I FEEL THAT THIS CHILD IS THE ANSWER TO WHY WE WERE BOTH TURNED AWAY FROM THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

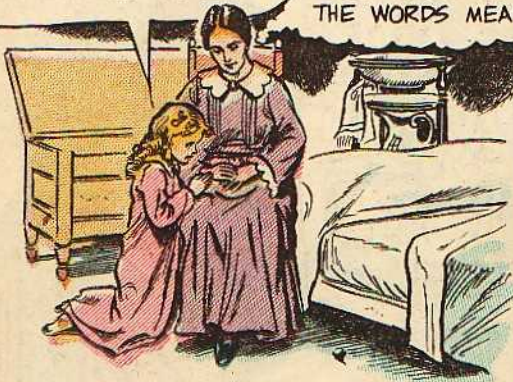
AND WHY I HEARD THAT VOICE ON THE BRIDGE.



THEY WERE RIGHT. THERESE WAS UNUSUAL FROM THE BEGINNING. WHEN SHE WAS THREE...

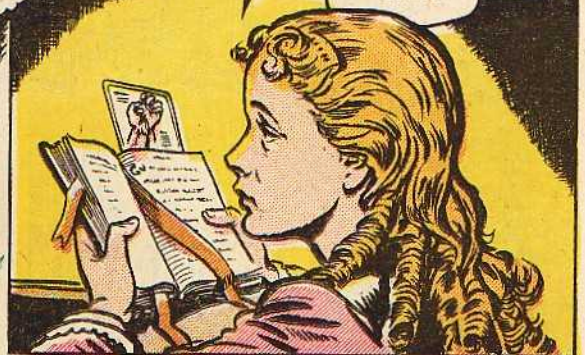
... AND HELP ME TO SAVE SOULS BY PRAYING FOR THEM IN THE CONVENT.

AT HER AGE MOST CHILDREN DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE WORDS MEAN.



A FEW YEARS LATER...

I FEEL A TERRIBLE LONGING TO SAVE SOULS BY SNATCHING THEM FROM HELL. THIS MUST BE MY LIFE'S WORK.



THAT NIGHT...

PRANZINI IS TO BE EXECUTED TOMORROW FOR HIS MURDERS. HE SHOWS NO SIGN OF REPENTANCE.

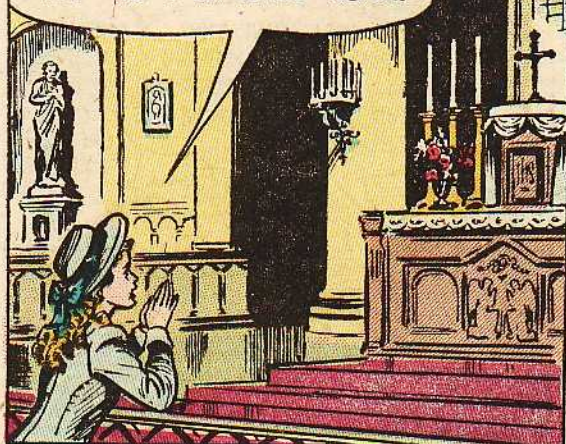
IF EVER THERE WAS A LOST SOUL...

AN AWFUL WAY TO GO BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD.

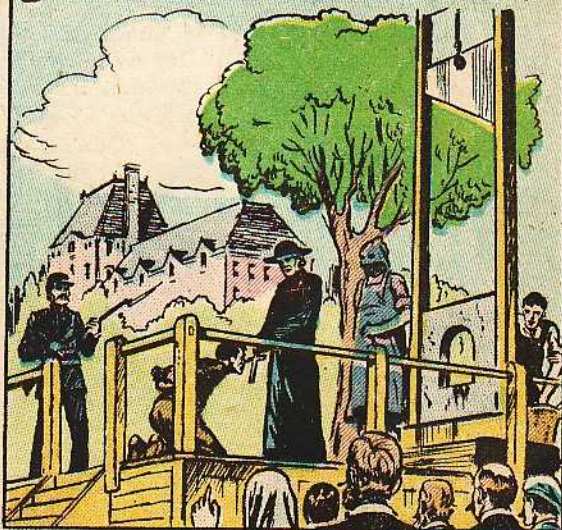
HE SHALL BE MY FIRST SOUL. I'LL PRAY FOR HIM.



BECAUSE HE IS MY FIRST SINNER, I
BEG FOR JUST ONE SIGN OF
REPENTANCE TO ASSURE ME
THAT THIS IS MY LIFE'S WORK.



A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE PRANZINI DIED...



AS SOON AS THERESE WAS 15...

YOU ARE ONLY FIFTEEN. YOU
CANNOT ENTER CARMEL
UNTIL YOU ARE 21 UNLESS
THE BISHOP GIVES YOU
SPECIAL PERMISSION.



I HAVE WANTED TO BE
A NUN SINCE I WAS
THREE, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

I THINK YOU
ARE TOO YOUNG.
BUT GIVE ME
TIME TO THINK
ABOUT IT.

THAT
MEANS
NO.



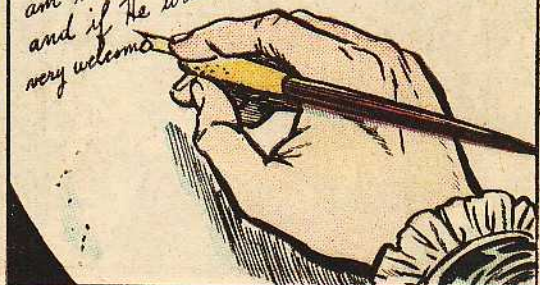
HER FATHER THEN TOOK HER ON A
PILGRIMAGE TO ROME. THEY HAD AN
AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER. THERESE
TOLD HIM HER PROBLEM...

YOU WILL ENTER
IF IT IS GOD'S WILL.
BUT NOW YOU MUST
DO WHATEVER YOUR
SUPERIORS DECIDE.



THERESE WAS HEARTBROKEN, BUT SHE
ACCEPTED THE VERDICT. IN A LETTER
TO HER SISTER SHE WROTE...

Yet God has given me courage to bear this
trial, but it is very great. But Pauline, I
am the little plaything of the infant Jesus
and if He wishes to break His toy He is
very welcome.



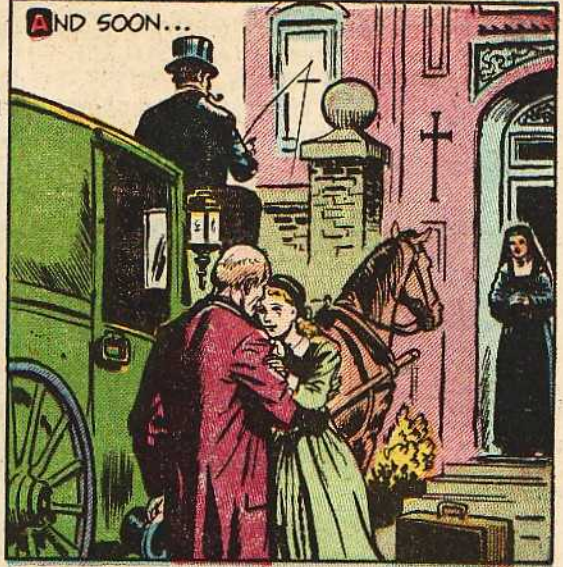
BUT WHEN THERESE RETURNED FROM ROME...

I AM WORRIED. I DO NOT THINK SHE IS OLD ENOUGH, BUT I DO NOT WANT TO OPPOSE THE WILL OF GOD. WHAT IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO ?

I BELIEVE THE VOICE OF GOD IS VERY STRONG IN HER.



AND SOON...



FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS THERESE LIVED IN THE CONVENT, DOING NOTHING SPECTACULAR, BEING CONTENT TO LIVE THE HOLY LIFE OF A GOOD NUN. SHE WAS KNOWN ONLY FOR HER HELPFULNESS AND PIETY.



I AM ONLY A VERY LITTLE SOUL WHO CAN OFFER TO GOD ONLY VERY LITTLE THINGS.



SOMETIMES, BECAUSE OF HER YOUTH, THE OLDER SISTERS WORRIED ABOUT HER...

DO YOU THINK IT PRUDENT TO WORK SO HARD ALL THE TIME ?

PRUDENCE IS FOR THOSE WHO COMMAND. MY ONLY DUTY IS TO OBEY.



THE WINTER'S WERE VERY COLD AND THERESE SUFFERED MUCH...

I-I-I'M SO C-C-C-COLD. I'LL NEVER GET WARM AGAIN. AND M-M-M-MY HANDS HURT SO!



AND MOST OF THE TIME...

SISTER THERESE NEVER COMPLAINS, SO I'LL SERVE HER THIS SMALL DISH JUST TO AVOID TROUBLE.



ONE NIGHT...

I FEEL SOMETHING THICK AND WARM BUBBLING UP IN MY THROAT. IT TASTES LIKE BLOOD. I WONDER IF...



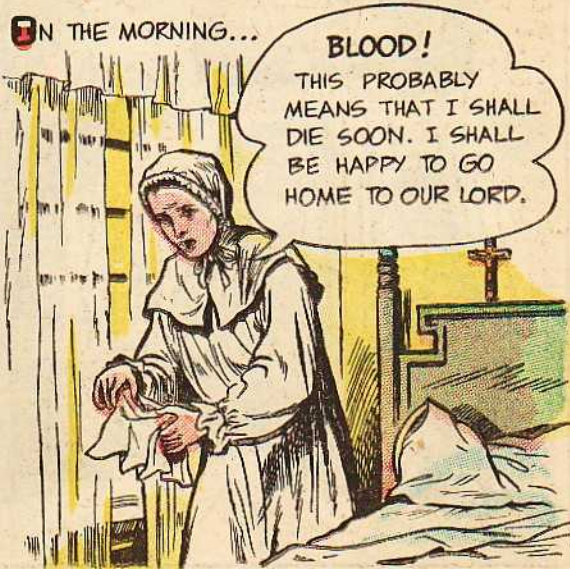
THE RULE SAYS NO LIGHTS AFTER RETIRING. I WON'T INVESTIGATE UNTIL MORNING.



IN THE MORNING...

BLOOD!

THIS PROBABLY MEANS THAT I SHALL DIE SOON. I SHALL BE HAPPY TO GO HOME TO OUR LORD.



THERESE WAS RIGHT. SHE DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO LIVE. SHE BECAME WEAKER AND WEAKER...

THIS IS NOT THE END; IT IS THE BEGINNING. I SHALL SPEND MY HEAVEN DOING GOOD ON EARTH.



LATER... SOON YOU SHALL LOOK DOWN FROM HEAVEN.

NO! I SHALL COME DOWN.



AGAIN... YOU SHOULD GET SOME SLEEP.

I AM SUFFERING TOO MUCH TO SLEEP... I... I... JUST PRAY.



WHAT DO YOU SAY ?

I SAY NOTHING. I JUST LOVE HIM.



ONE DAY SHORTLY BEFORE HER DEATH...

SAVE THESE PETALS. AFTER I'M GONE THEY WILL BE VERY VALUABLE. AND I'LL SEND A SHOWER OF ROSES FROM HEAVEN.



FINALLY... I AM GOING VERY SOON BUT I SHALL SPEND MY HEAVEN DOING GOOD UPON EARTH... THERE CANNOT BE ANY REST FOR ME UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD...



THUS THERESE DIED, BUT VERY QUICKLY SHE BEGAN HER WORK OF DOING GOOD UPON EARTH...
(To be continued)

Wild ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA

#1

BEARS!



MANY PEOPLE THINK ONLY OF AFRICA AS THE HOME OF WILD ANIMALS. BUT HERE ON OUR OWN CONTINENT WE STILL HAVE MANY WILD ANIMALS ALMOST AS BIG AND JUST AS DANGEROUS. FOR EXAMPLE --

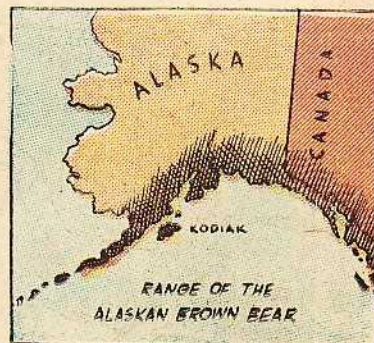


DID YOU KNOW THAT THE LARGEST FLESH-EATING ANIMAL IN THE WORLD IS THE **ALASKAN BROWN BEAR**?

OVER NINE FEET LONG FROM NOSE TO TAIL, THIS GIANT WEIGHS WELL OVER **1600 POUNDS**, TEN TIMES THAT OF AN AVERAGE MAN!

THOUGH THE GREATER PART OF THEIR FOOD IS VEGETATION-- GRASSES, ROOTS, AND BERRIES -- THEY DO EAT SMALL ANIMALS. IN JUNE, WHEN THE SALMON SWIM UP THE RIVERS, THESE BIG BEARS STAND IN THE STREAMS, AND FLIP THE FISH ONTO THE SHORE TO EAT LATER.

THESE GIANT BEARS LIVE ALONG THE COAST OF ALASKA AND ON THE ISLANDS OF THAT AREA, MOST NOTABLY KODIAK ISLAND.



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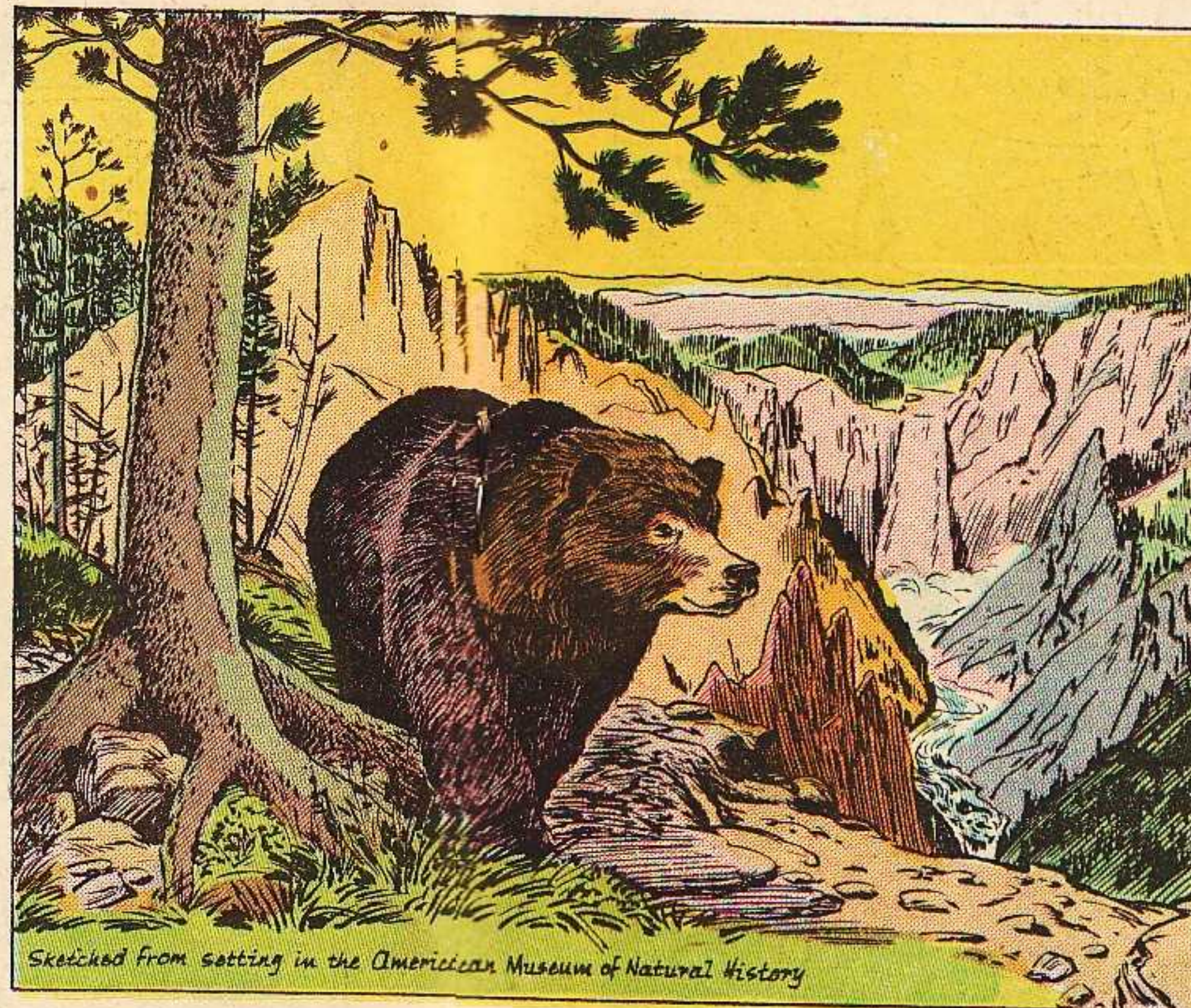


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THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

THOUGH SMALLER THAN THE ALASKAN BROWN BEAR, IS NO LESS FEROCIOUS. BEFORE THE INVENTION OF THE HIGH-POWERED RIFLE, THE GRIZZLY WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO KILL AND WAS FEARED BY ALL; EVEN THE INDIANS AVOIDED HIM. ROAMING UNMOLESTED, THESE BIG BOYS ONCE LIVED THROUGHOUT THE WEST FROM ALASKA TO MEXICO. TODAY, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW GRIZZLIES STILL LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES. MOST OF THEM ARE IN NATIONAL PARKS WHERE THEY ARE PROTECTED.

THE GRIZZLIES POSSESS AMAZING STRENGTH AND STAMINA. ONE OF THEM WAS ONCE CLOCKED RUNNING DOWN A ROAD IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. HE AVERAGED A STEADY THIRTY MILES AN HOUR FOR OVER A MILE!

SO IF YOU EVER GET MIXED UP WITH ONE, NEVER TRY TO RUN AWAY. CLIMB A TREE INSTEAD. A FULL-GROWN GRIZZLY IS TOO HEAVY TO CLIMB TREES, AS HE WEIGHS OVER 600 POUNDS.



SHOULD YOU MEET AN AMERICAN BLACK BEAR.

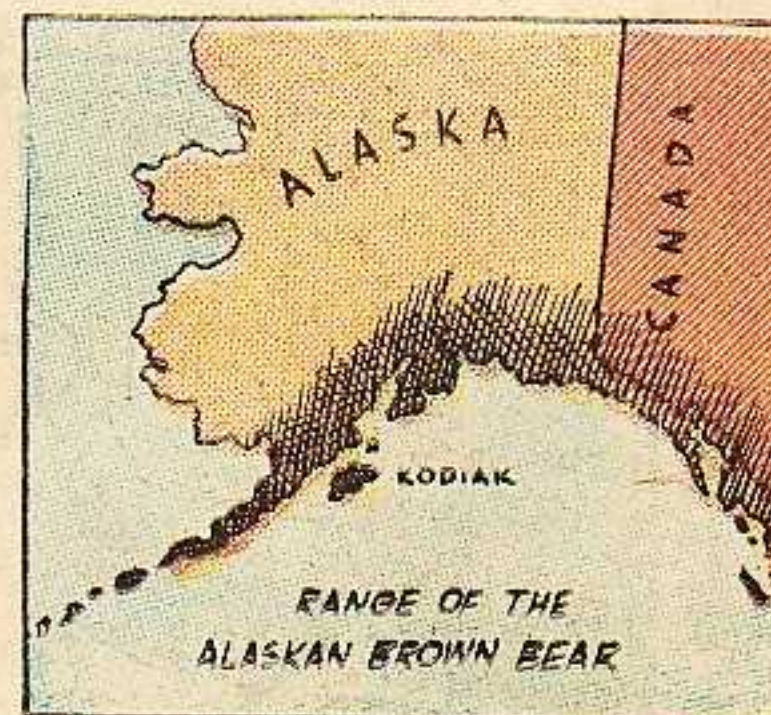
HOWEVER, **DON'T** CLIMB A TREE. THIS FELLOW CAN DO IT BETTER THAN YOU CAN!

BLACK BEARS ARE FOUND THROUGHOUT THE EAST AND IN THE WESTERN STATES, EVEN AS FAR SOUTH AS FLORIDA.

ALTHOUGH NOT AS BIG OR AS VICIOUS AS THE GRIZZLY, BLACK BEARS SOMETIMES KILL CATTLE AND OTHER LIVESTOCK. USUALLY, THOUGH, THEY'RE CONTENT WITH A DIET OF ROOTS, INSECTS, FRUIT, AND FISH.

ALL BEARS IN NORTHERN CLIMATES ARE BORN WHILE THE MOTHER IS IN WINTER HIBERNATION, MOSTLY IN LITTERS OF TWO, OCCASIONALLY FOUR. BY THE TIME THE MOTHER LEAVES THE DEN LATER IN THE SPRING THEY ARE ABLE TO FOLLOW HER ABOUT.

GRIZZLIES HAVE CUBS ONLY EVERY TWO OR THREE YEARS.





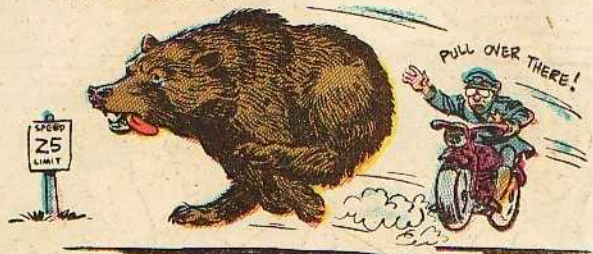
can Museum of Natural History

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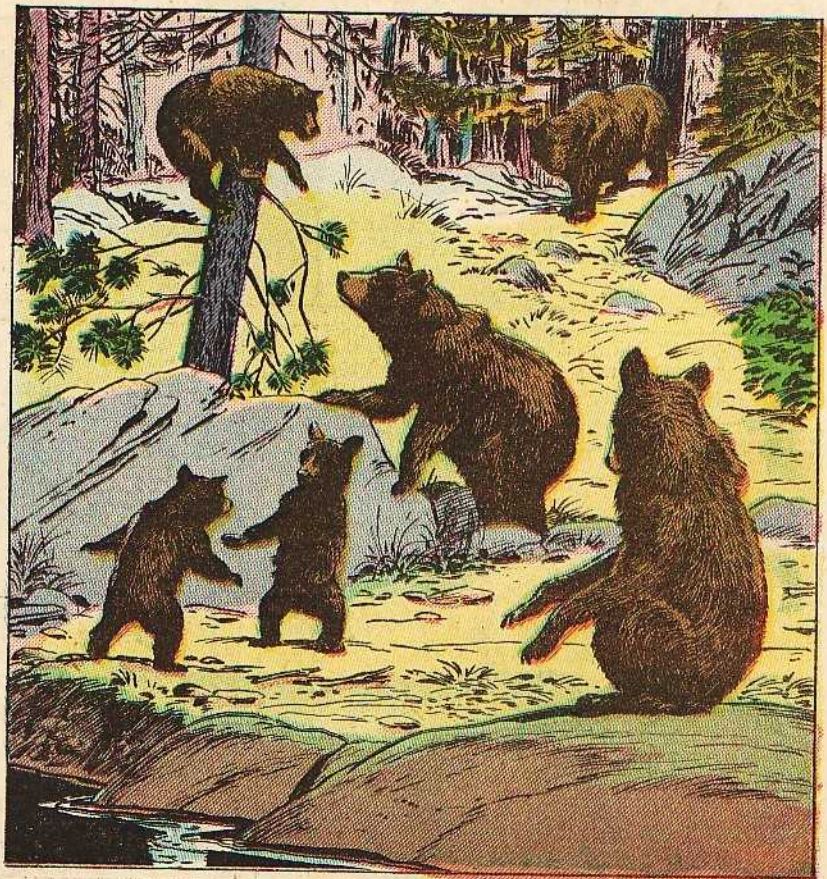
HOWEVER, **DON'T** CLIMB A TREE. THIS FELLOW CAN DO IT BETTER THAN YOU CAN!

BLACK BEARS ARE FOUND THROUGHOUT THE EAST AND IN THE WESTERN STATES, EVEN AS FAR SOUTH AS FLORIDA.

ALTHOUGH NOT AS BIG OR AS VICIOUS AS THE GRIZZLY, BLACK BEARS SOMETIMES KILL CATTLE AND OTHER LIVESTOCK. USUALLY, THOUGH, THEY'RE CONTENT WITH A DIET OF ROOTS, INSECTS, FRUIT, AND FISH.

ALL BEARS IN NORTHERN CLIMATES ARE BORN WHILE THE MOTHER IS IN WINTER HIBERNATION, MOSTLY IN LITTERS OF TWO, OCCASIONALLY FOUR. BY THE TIME THE MOTHER LEAVES THE DEN LATER IN THE SPRING THEY ARE ABLE TO FOLLOW HER ABOUT.

GRIZZLIES HAVE CUBS ONLY EVERY TWO OR THREE YEARS.





WELL, AG WAS RIGHT, SO HERE'S MY SUGGESTION. WE HAVE A MYSTERIOUS NEW FAMILY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

EVERYONE THINKS THEY'RE NEW IN OUR COUNTRY. THAT MEANS THEY'VE PROBABLY LEFT AN OLD WAY OF LIFE.

LET'S BE GOOD NEIGHBORS BY INTRODUCING THEM TO A NEW WAY OF LIFE THROUGH OUR FAMILIES.

St. Teresa's Civics Club



EACH WEEK A DIFFERENT CLUB MEMBER WILL TAKE ONE OF THE NEW FAMILY HOME AND INTRODUCE HIM TO THE FOLKS.

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN! THE OLDER FOLKS IN OUR FAMILIES ARE ALL FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD...

WE CAN SHOW THEM THAT IT'S PEOPLE LIKE THEM—PEOPLE FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD—WHO BUILT AMERICA.

IT'S A GREAT PLAN!—AND MAYBE WE'LL SOLVE THE MYSTERY ABOUT WHERE THEY'RE FROM.



YES—IT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD PLAN. IT WILL SHOW THEM THAT THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE IS NOT A SOLID COLOR, BUT RATHER A PATTERN OF DIFFERENT TONES OF COLORS.

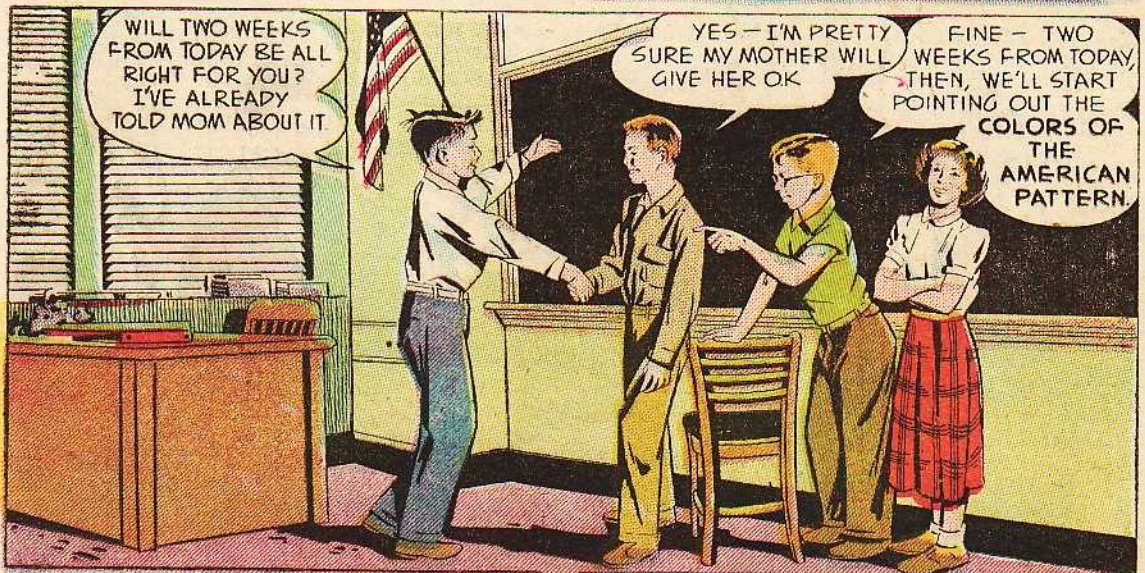
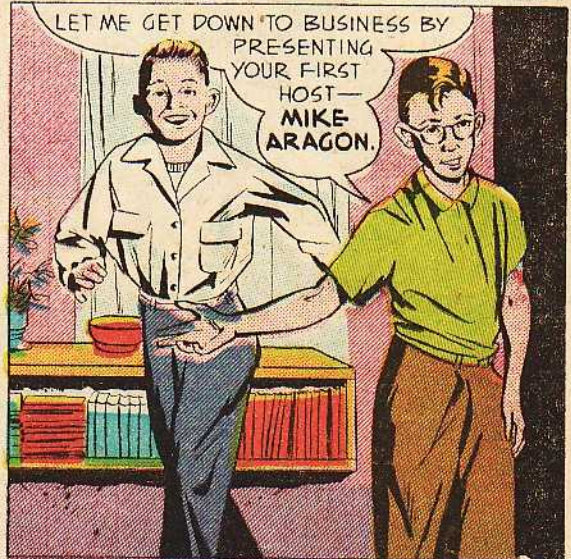
ON THE FOLLOWING MONDAY MORNING...

IT'S NICE OF YOU KIDS TO GIVE US SUCH A WARM WELCOME!



DID YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER AND SISTER START SCHOOL TODAY?

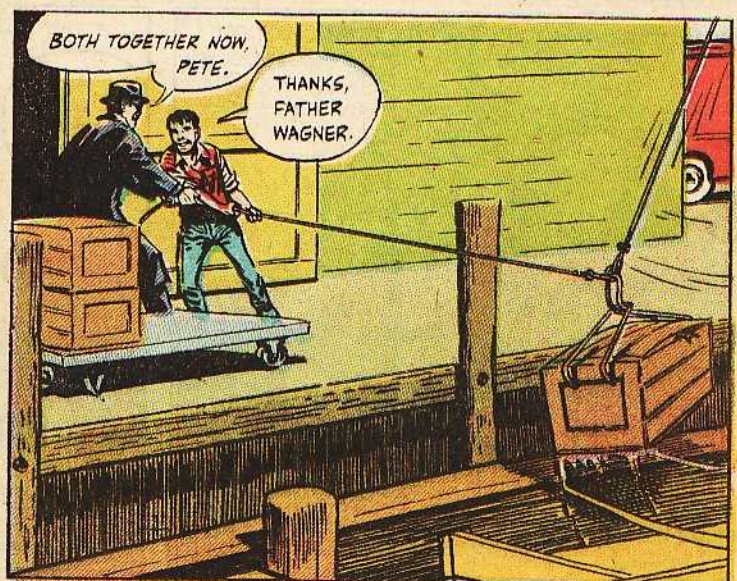
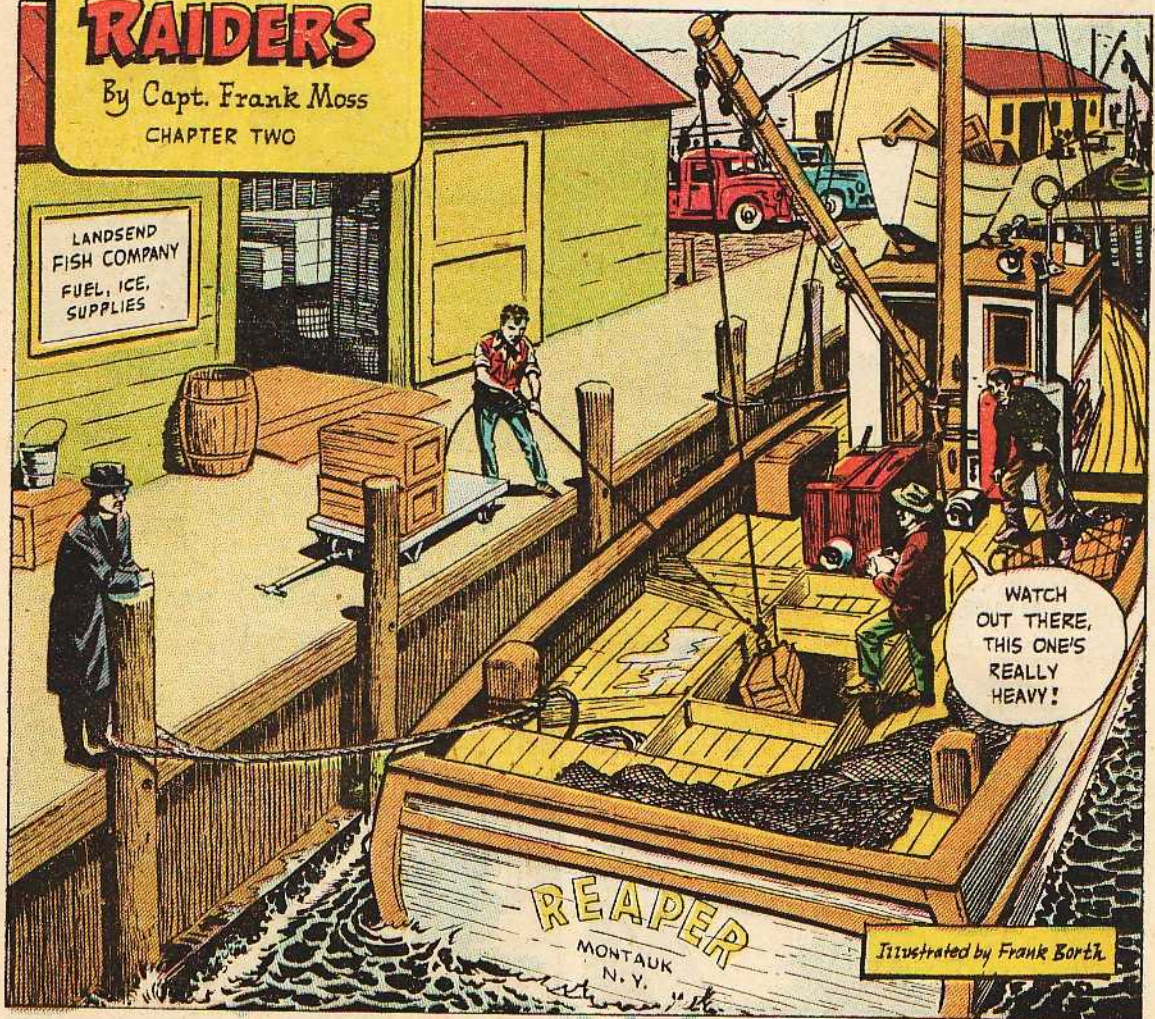
YES—THEY'RE PROBABLY HAVING JUST AS GOOD A TIME AS WE.

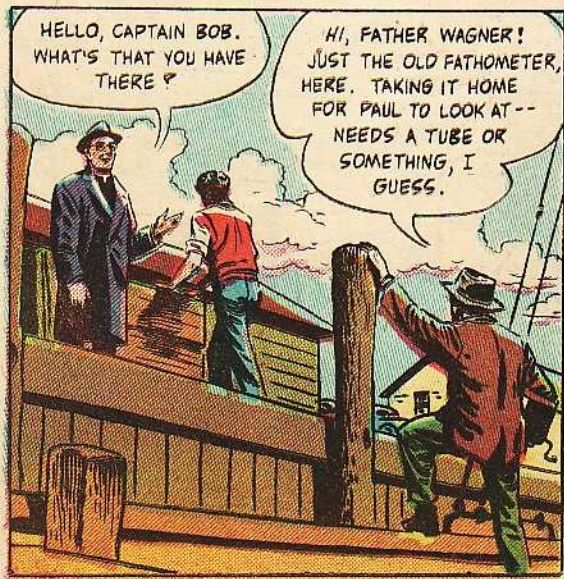
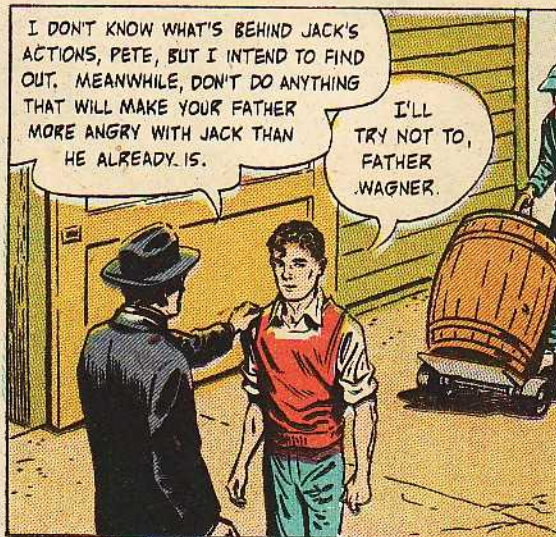
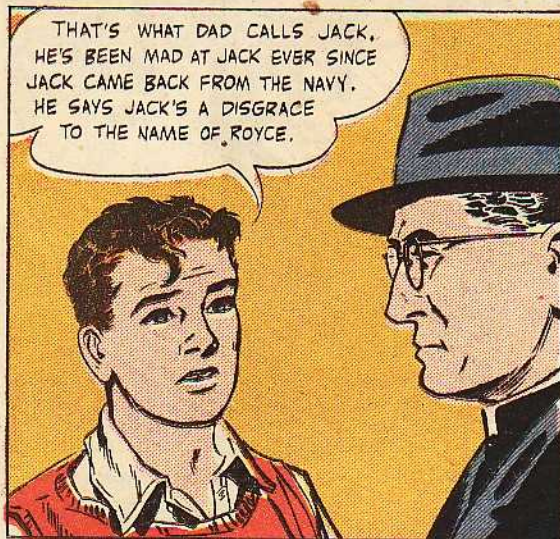
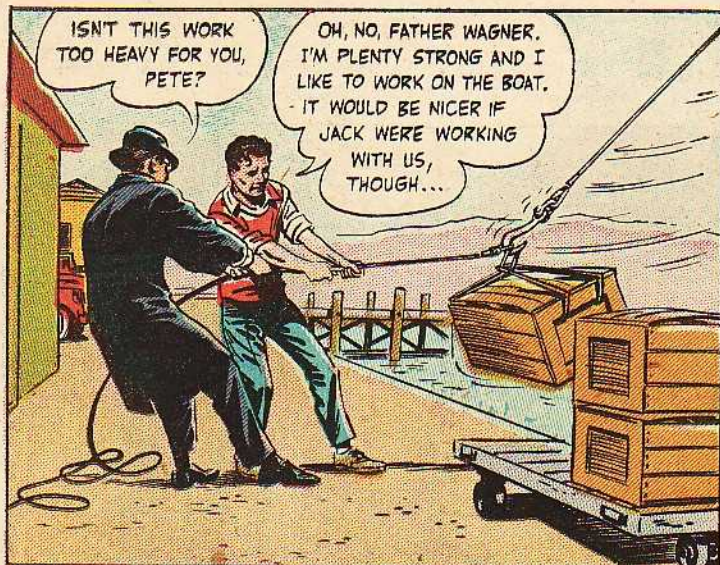


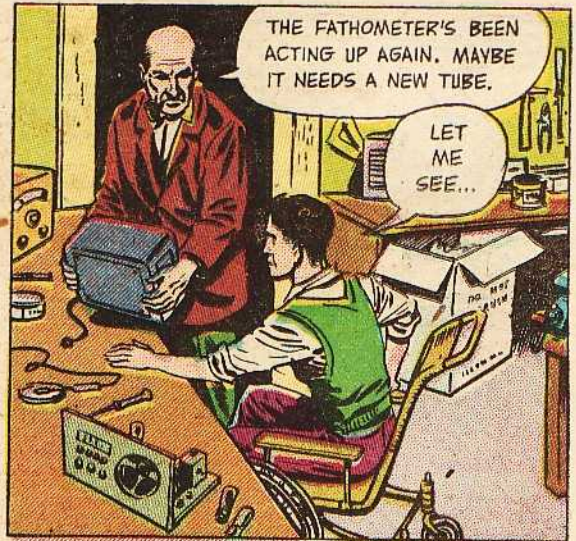
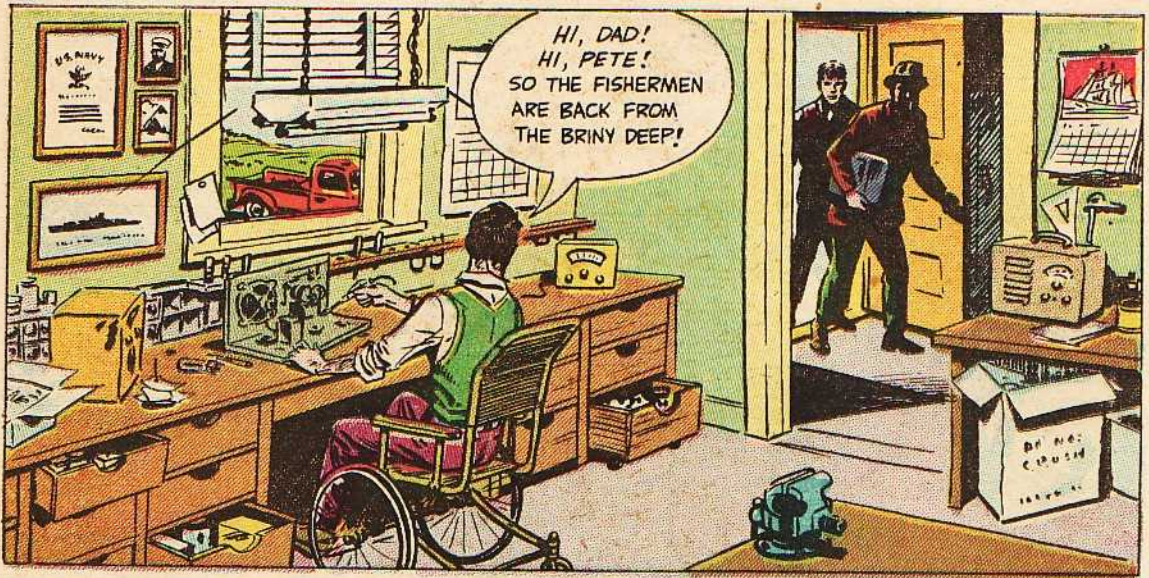
The SEA RAIDERS

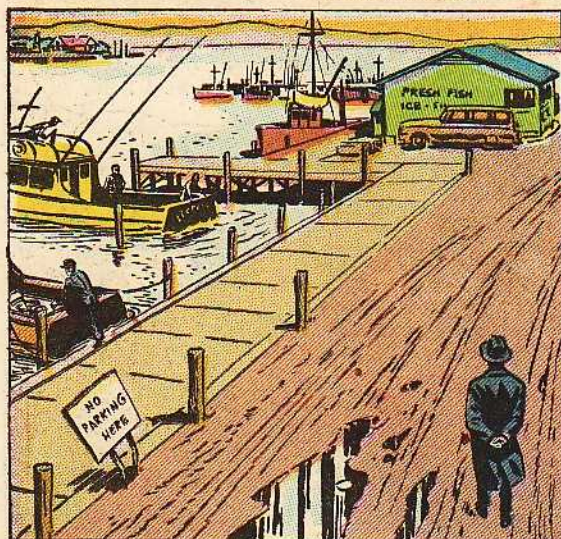
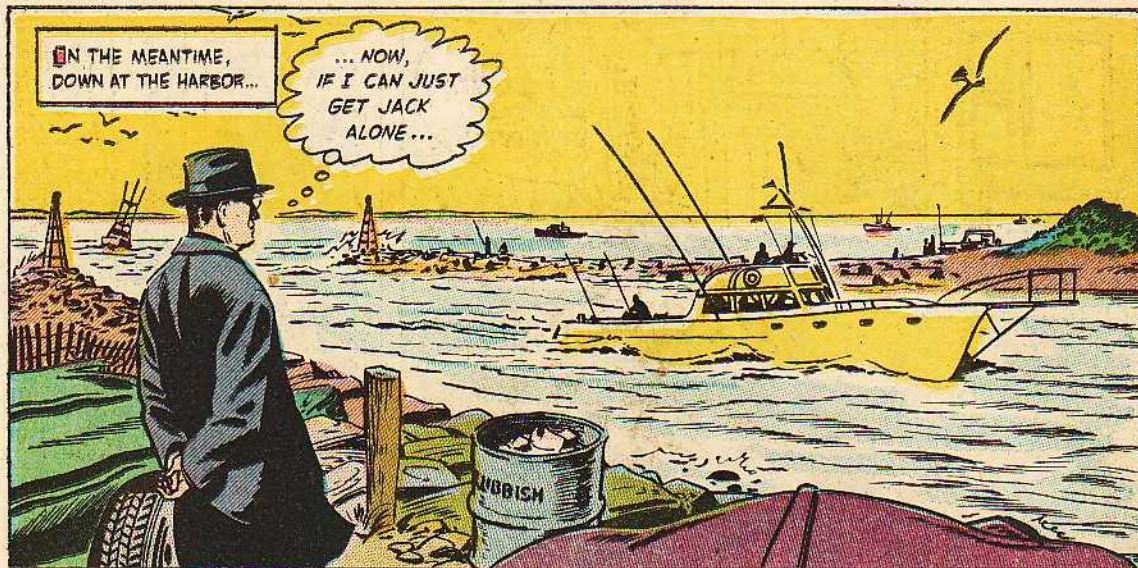
By Capt. Frank Moss
CHAPTER TWO

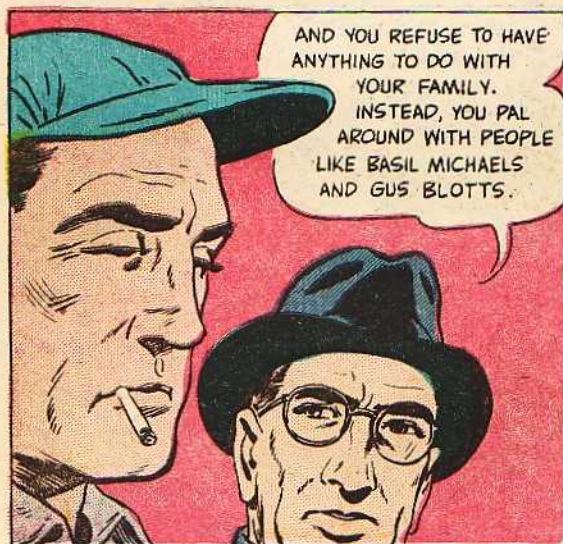
AT HER HOME PORT OF LANDSEND, LONG ISLAND, THE REAPER UNLOADS HER BUMPER CATCH OF FISH...

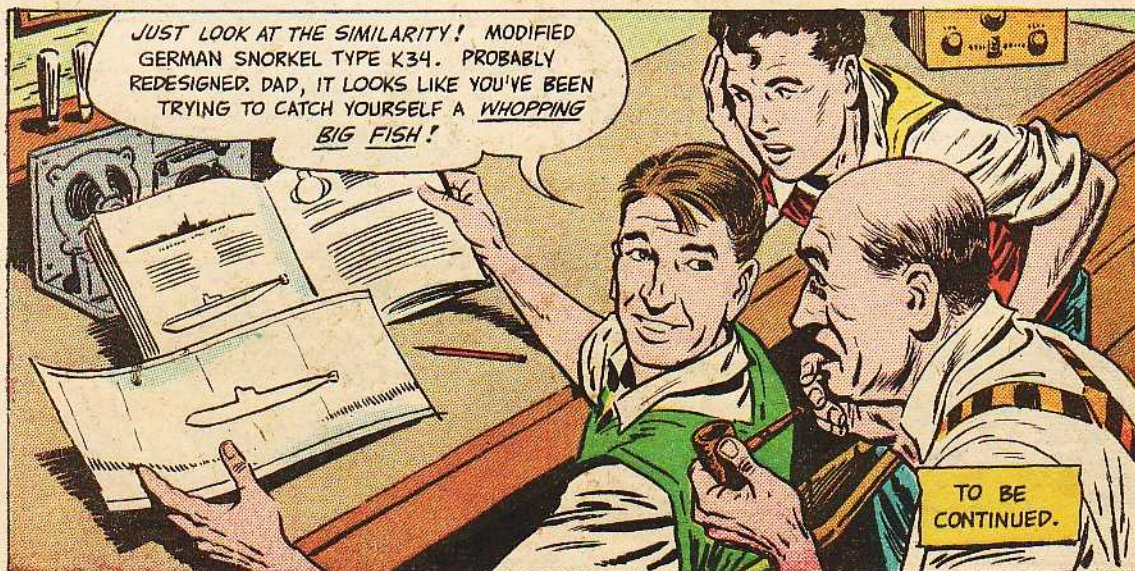
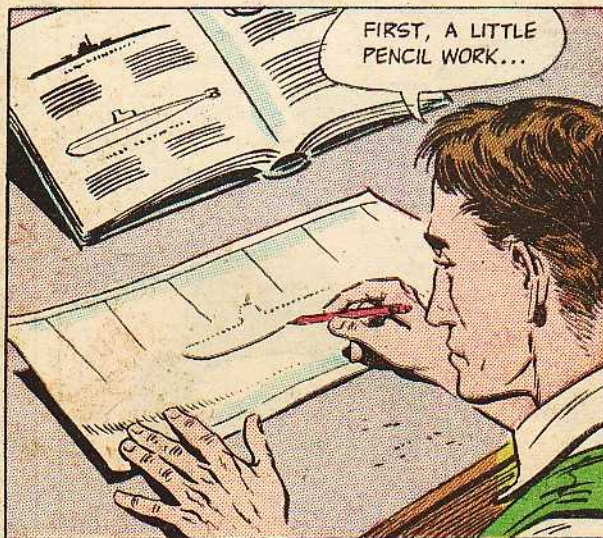
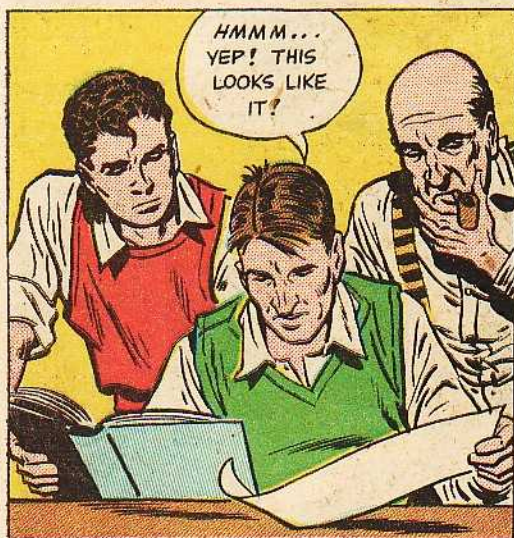












PATSY MANNERS

by EILEEN FIEL

HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS

IT'S TIME TO PUT AWAY OUR BATHING SUITS, SUMMERY DRESSES, PLAY CLOTHES, AND STRAW HATS. NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO SOME PLANS FOR FALL AND WINTER, MAKE SOME GOOD RESOLUTIONS, AND SEE THAT WE STICK TO THEM. WE'LL CHECK UP ON THIS LATER IN THE YEAR... WE'RE USED TO SUMMER CLOTHES THAT CAN BE TOSSED INTO THE WASHER, IRONED, AND MADE READY TO USE AGAIN. BUT AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR WE HAVE OTHER THINGS THAT MUST BE DRY-CLEANED AND SWEATERS THAT TAKE MORE CARE THAN DO SIMPLE COTTON DRESSES. LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENS IN THE FALL TO GIRLS WITH DIFFERENT SPRINGTIME HABITS.

ILLUSTRATED by OZELLA WELCH

THERE JUST ISN'T A THING HERE THAT I CAN WEAR!



I'M GLAD I PUT MY SCHOOL CLOTHES AWAY CAREFULLY LAST SUMMER. THEY LOOK PRETTY GOOD TO ME NOW THAT SCHOOL HAS STARTED AGAIN.



NOT ONE PAIR OF SHOES HERE THAT I CAN WEAR! NOT ONE! LACES ALL BROKEN. NOW WHAT SHALL I WEAR TO SCHOOL?



MY SHOES ARE IN PRETTY GOOD CONDITION, TOO. A LITTLE POLISH AND NEW HEELS ON A COUPLE OF PAIRS, AND I WON'T HAVE A THING TO WORRY ABOUT.





NEXT TIME WE'LL TALK ABOUT PERSONAL CLEANLINESS... IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, OR SUBJECTS YOU'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT, WRITE TO ME AND WE'LL GET TOGETHER ON SOMETHING.

Aunt Eileen

WORDS THAT LIVE

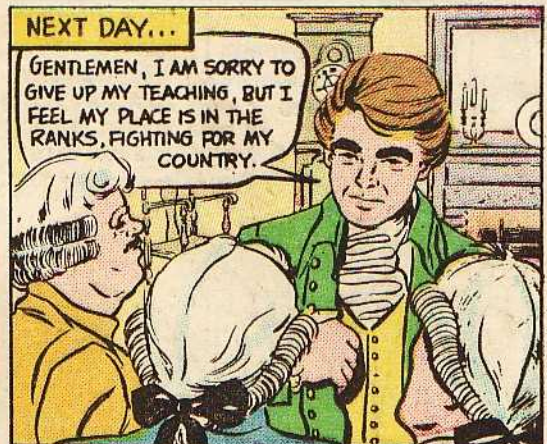
NATHAN HALE

by F.E. Crandall

Illustrated by Paul Zender

APRIL 21, 1775... A QUIET SCHOOL-
ROOM IN NEW LONDON, CONN...

DOWN WITH THE REDCOATS!
HURRAH FOR FREEDOM!
WE'VE STRUCK A BLOW
AT LAST!

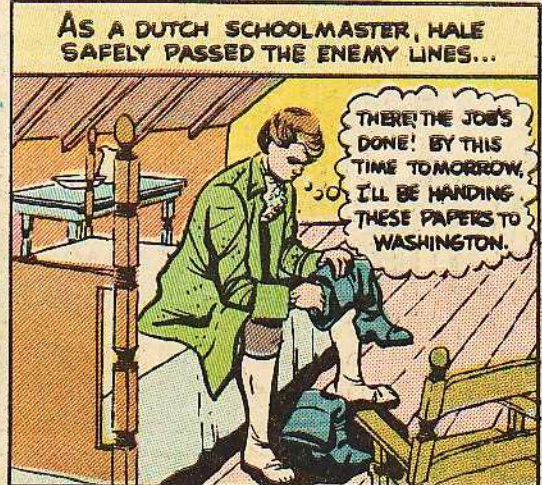


HALE BECAME A SOLDIER, AND WAS PROMOTED TO A CAPTAIN'S RANK QUICKLY.



WE'RE TO REPORT AT ONCE TO
THE OFFICERS' TENT... COLONEL
KNOWLTON'S ORDERS!







FUN PAGE



"THAT GARVER THROWS THE BEST SLOW-BALL IN THE MAJORS"

Wise Guy: Changing a tire, eh?

Motorist: No, I just get out every few miles and jack the car up to give it a rest.

A village blacksmith was instructing his apprentice:

"When I take this shoe out of the fire and lay it on the anvil," he explained, "I'll nod my head and then you hit it with the hammer."

Now the villagers are looking for a new blacksmith.

An old Indian was introducing his family. "I'm Brave Eagle," he said. "This is my son Fighting Hawk, and this is my grandson Jet Bomber."

Corporal: Now, Private, if you stood with your back to the north and your face to the south, what would be on your left hand?

Private: Fingers.

Father: There is nothing in the world that is impossible to do.

Son: Did you ever try pushing tooth paste back into the tube?

"When does the library open?" the voice on the phone asked.

"At 9 a.m.," came the reply. "And what's the idea calling me in the middle of the night?"

"Not till 9 a.m.?" responded a disappointed voice.

"Not till 9 a.m.!" confirmed the other. "Why do you want to get in before 9 a.m.?"

"Who wants in? I want out."

Teacher: What are the four seasons of the year?

Boy: Football, basketball, baseball, and swimming.

I like exams,
I think they're fun;
I never cram, and
I don't flunk one—
I'm the teacher.

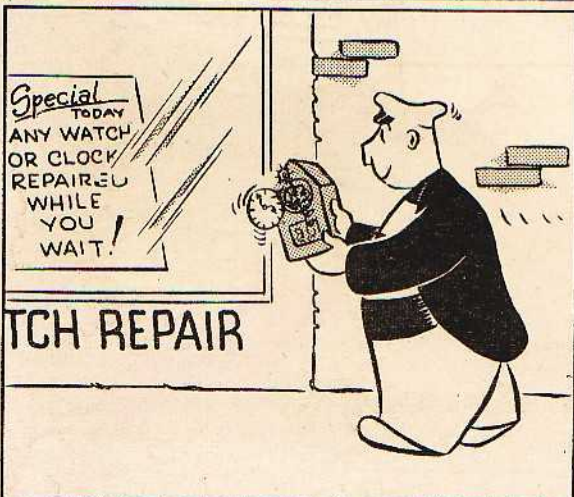
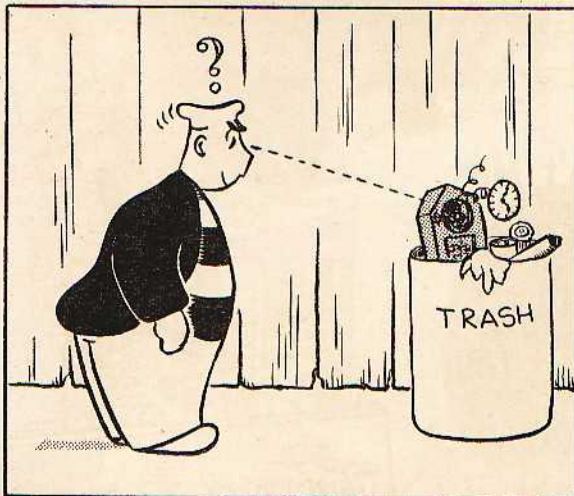
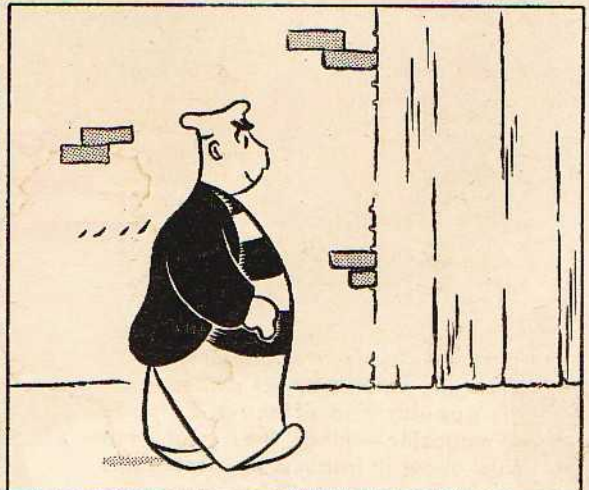
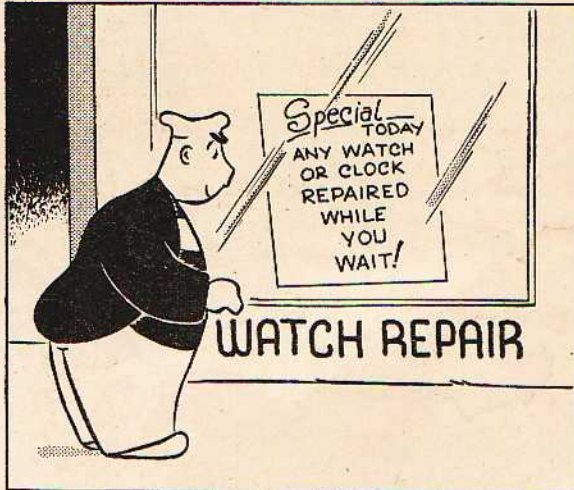
Joe: Our dog is just like one of the family.

Pete: Which one?



"WE'RE PUTTING YOU ON 'WHISTLE RECALL.' WHEN WE WANT YOU WE'LL WHISTLE."

OTTO

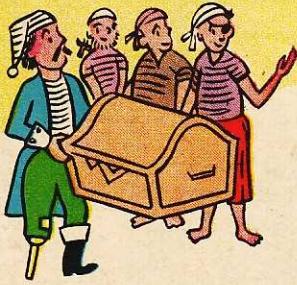


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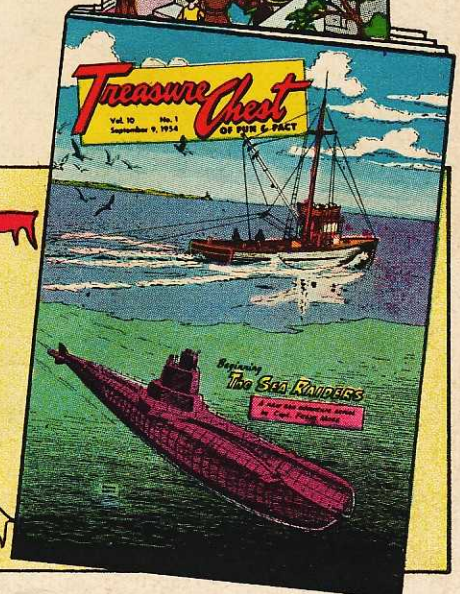
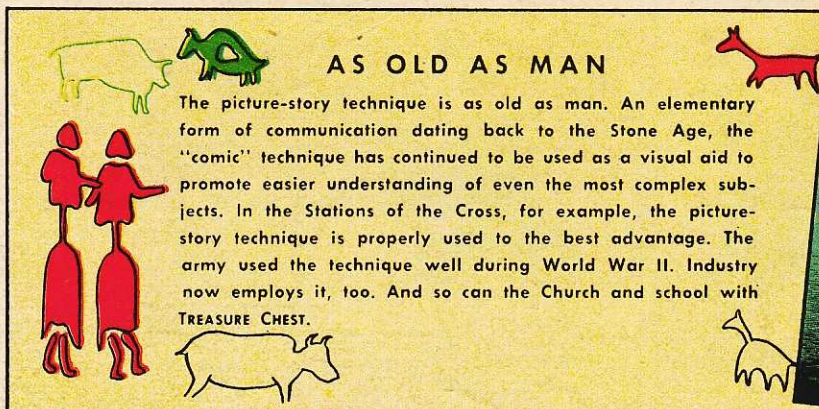


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